

SYNOPSIS

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet en friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a cance-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at might. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun. Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Giliespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, silpped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailar. A young lady resembling Miss Holen Holbrook was observed alone in a cance, when Helen was thought to have been at home, Gillespie admitted giving Helen 19,000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the might. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie gasged and bound in a cabin, Inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook, He released Jim. Both Gillespie and Donovan devine to the him. He went to Red Gate. At the cance-maker's home, and see that no injury becalled him. He went to Red Gate. At the cance-maker's home, and see that no injury becall him. He went to Red Gate. At the cance-maker's home, and see that no injury becall him. He went to Red Gate. At the cance-maker's home, and see that no injury becall him he will have been a much alike as twine. Thus Helen's supposed diplicity was explained. Helen sudden, who by night he had supposed to be Miss Helen Holbrook, the erring brother. The cousins

CHAPTER XXIII .- Continued.

Presently, as the dark gathered about us, the candles were lighted, and their glow shut out the world. my relief the three women carried the talk alone, leaving me to my own thoughts of Helen and my plans for restoring her to her aunt with no break in the new confidence that Rosalind had inspired. I had so completely yielded myself to this undercurrent of reflection that I was startled to find Miss Pat with the coffee service before

"Larry, you are dreaming. How can I remember whether you take sugar?" Sister Margaret's eyes were upon me reproachfully for my inattention, and my heart-beats quickened as eight strokes of the chapel chime stole lingeringly through the quiet air. I had half-raised my cup when I was startled by a question from Miss Pat -a request innocent enough and spoken, it seemed, utterly without in-"Let me see your ring a moment

Helen."

Sister Margaret flashed a glance of inquiry at me, but Rosalind met the

ultuation instantly. "Certainly, Aunt Pat"-and she allped the ring from her nnger passed it across the table, and folded her hands quietly upon the white cloth. She did not look at me, but I saw her breath come and go quickly. If the rings were not the same then we were undone. This thought gripped the three of us, and I heard my cup beating a tattoo on the edge of my saucer in the tense silence, while Miss Pat bent close to the candle before her and studied the ring, turning it over slowly. Rosalind half opened her lips to speak, but Sister Margaret's snowy hand clasped the girl's fingers. Th little circlet of gold with its beautiful green stone had been to me one of the convincing items of the remarkable re-

overlook it. Miss Pat put down the ring abruptly, and looked at Rosalind and then smiled quizzically at me.

semblance between the cousins; but

if there should be some differentiating

mark Miss Pat was not so stupid as to

"You are a clever boy, Larry." Then, turning to Rosalind, Miss Pat remarked, with the most casual air

*maginable: "Helen pronounces either with the long e. I noticed at luncheon that you say eyether. Where's your father,

My eyes were turning from her to Rosalind when, on her last word, as though by prearranged signal, far across the water, against the dark shadows of the lake's remoter shore, a rocket's spent ball broke and flung its

stars against the night. I spoke no word, but leaped over the stone balustrade and ran to the boathouse where Gillespie waited.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"With My Hands." Gillespie was smoking his pipe on

over from the village in his own him.

"I Have Killed Him-I Have Killed Him!" launch, which tossed placidly beside!

planking of the pier. "Jump into my launch, Gillespie, and be in a hurry!" and to my relief he obeyed without his usual parley, Ijima cast us off, the engine sputtered a moment, and then the launch got away. on his arm I bade Gillespie steer, and when we were free of the pier told him to head

mine. Ijima stepped forward prompt-

ly with a lantern as I ran out upon the

for the Tippecanoe. The handful of stars that had bright ened against the sky had been a real shock, and I accused myself in severe terms for having left Arthur Holbrook alone. As we swept into the open Glenarm House stood forth from the encircling wood, marked by the bright lights of the terrace where Miss Pat had, with so much composure and in so few words, made comedy of my at tempt to shield Helen. In throwing off my coat my hand touched the envelope containing the forged notes which I had thrust into my pocket before dinner, and the contact sobered me; there was still a chance for me to be of use. But at the thought of what might be occurring at the houseboat on the Tippecanoe I forced the launch's speed to the limit. Gillespie

still maintained silence, grimly clenching his empty pipe. He now roused himself and bawled at me: "Did you ever meet the coroner of

this county?" "No!" I shouted.

"Well, you will-coming down! You vill blow up in about three minutes. I did not slow down until we reached Battle Orchard, where it was neces sary to feel our way across the shallow channel. Here I shut off the now.

er and paddled with an oar. We were soon creeping along the margin of the second lake seeking the creek, whose intake quickly lay hold of us.

"We'll land just inside, on the west bank, Gillespie." A moment later we jumped out and secured the launch, I wrapped our lantern in Gillespie's coat, and ran up the bank to the path, At the top I turned and spoke to him.

"You'll have to trust me. I don't know what may be happening here, but surely our interests are the same to-night."

He caught me roughly by the arm. "If this means any injury

"No! It is for her!" And he followed silently at my heels toward Red Gate. The voices of two men in loud debate rang out sharply upon us through the open windows of the house-boat as we crept down upon the deck. Then followed the sound of blows, and the rattle of furniture knocked about, and as we reached the door a lamp fell with a crash and the place was dark. We seemed to strike matches at the same instant, and as they blazed upon their sticks we looked down upon Arthur Holbrook, who lay sprawling with his arms outflung on the floor, and over him stood his brother with hands

clenched, his face twitching. "I have killed him-I have killed him!" he muttered several times in a low whisper. "I had to do it. There

was no other way." My blood went cold at the thought that we were too late. Gillespie was they were even kind with the tenderfumbling about, striking matches, and | ness that lies in the eyes of women I was somewhat reassured by the the boathouse steps. He had come sound of my own voice as I called

"There are candles at the sidemake a light, Gillespie." And soon we were taking account of one another in the soft candle-

light. "I must go," said Henry huskily, looking stupidly down upon his brother, who lay quite still, his head resting

"You will stay," I said; and I stood beside him while Gillespie filled a pail at the creek and laved Arthur's wrists and temples with cool water. We worked a quarter of an hour before he gave any signs of life; but when he opened his eyes Henry flung himself down in a chair and mopped his forehead.

"He is not dead," he said, grinning foolishly.

"Where is Helen?" I demanded.

"She's safe," he replied cunningly, nodding his head. "I suppose Pat has sent you to take her back. She may go, if you have brought my money." Cunning and greed, and the marks of drink had made his face repulsive. Gillespie got Arthur to his feet a moment later, and I gave him brandy from a flask in the cupboard. His brother's restoration seemed now to amuse Henry.

"It was a mere love-tap. You're tougher than you look, Arthur. It's the simple life down here in the woods. My own nerves are all gone." He turned to me with the air of dominating the situation. "I'm glad you've come, you and our friend of button fame. Rivals, gentlemen? A friendly rivalry for my daughter's hand flatters the house of Holbrook. Between ourselves I favor you, Mr. Donovan; the button-making business is profit able, but damned vulgar, Now,

"That will do!"-and I clapped my hand on his shoulder roughly. have business with you. Your sister is ready to settle with you; but she wishes to see Arthur first."

"No-no! She must not see him!" He leaped forward and caught hold of "She must not see him!"-and his cowardly fear angered me anew.

"You will do, Mr. Holbrook, very much as I tell you in this matter. I intend that your sister shall see her brother Arthur to-night, and time files. This last play of yours, this flimsy trick of kidnaping, was sprung at a very unfortunate moment. It has delayed the settlement and done a grave injury to your daughter."

"Helen would have it; it was her

"If you speak of your daughter again in such a way I will break your neck and throw you into the creek!" He stared a moment, then laughed

"So you are the one-are you? really thought it was Buttons." "I am the one, Mr. Holbrook. And

aloud.

now I am going to take your brother to your sister. She has asked for him, and she is waiting." Arthur Holbrook came gravely toward us, and I have never been so

struck with pity for a man as I was for him. There was a red circle on his brow where Henry's knuckles had cut, but his eyes showed no anger; who have suffered. He advanced a ep nearer his brother and spoke lowly and distinctly.



"You have nothing to fear, Henry shall tell her nothing."

"But"-Henry glanced uneasily from Gillespie to me-"Gillespie's notes. They are here among you somewhere, You shall not give them to Pat. If

"If she knew you would not get a cent," I said, wishing him to know that I knew.

He whirled upon me hotly. "You tricked Helen to get them, and now, by God! I want them! I want them!" And he struck at me crazily. knocked his arm away, but he flung himself upon me, clasping me with his arms. I caught his wrists and held him for a moment. I wished to be done with him and off to Glenarm with Arthur; and he wasted time.

"I have that packet you sent Helen to get-I have it-still unopened! Your secret is as safe with me, Mr. Holbrook, as that other secret of yours with your Italian body-guard."

His face went white, then gray, and he would have fallen if I had not kept hold of him.

I was beside myself with rage and impatient that time must be wasted on him. I did not hear steps on the deck, or Gillespie's quick warning, and I had begun again, still holding Henry Holbrook close to me with one hand.

'We expect to deceive your sisterwe will lie to her-lie to her-lie to

"For God's sake, stop!" cried Arthur Holbrook, clutching my arm.

I flung round and faced Miss Pat and Rosalind. They stood for a moment in the doorway; then Miss Pat advanced slowly toward us where we formed a little semi-circle, and as I dropped Henry's wrists the brothers stood side by side. Arthur took a step forward, half murmuring his sister's name; then he drew back and waited, his head bowed, his hands thrust into the side pockets of his coat. In the dead quiet I heard the babble of the creek outside, and when Miss Pat spoke her voice seemed to steal off and mingle with the subdued murmur of the stream.

"Gentlemen, what is it you wish to lie to me about?"

A brave little smile played about Miss Pat's lips. She stood there in the light of the candles, all in white as I had left her on the terrace of Glenarm, in her lace cap, with only a light shawl about her shoulders. I felt that the situation might yet be saved, and I was about to speak when Henry, with some wild notion of justifying himself, broke out stridently:

"Yes; they meant to lie to you! They plotted against me and bounded me when I wished to see you peaceably and to make amends. They have now charged me with murder; they are ready to swear away my honor, my life. I am glad you are here that you may see for yourself how they are against me."

"Yes; father speaks the truth, as

Mr. Donovan can tell you!" I could have sworn that it was Rosafind who spoke; but there by Rosalind's side in the doorway stood Helen. Her head was lifted, and she faced us all with her figure tense, her eyes blazing. Rosalind drew away a little, and I saw Gillespie touch her hand. It was as though a quicker sense than sight had on the instant undeceived him: but he did not look at Rosalind: his eyes were upon the angry girl who was about to speak again. Miss Pat glanced about, and her eves rested

"Larry, what were the lies you were going to tell me?" she asked, and smiled again.

"They were about father; he wished to involve him in dishonor. But he shall not, he shall not!" cried Helen. "Is that true, Larry?" asked Miss

"I have done the best I could," I plied evasively. Miss Pat scrutinized us all slowly as

though studying our faces for the Then she repeated:

"But if either of my said sons shall have been touched by dishonor through his own act, as honor is accounted reckoned and valued among menand ceased abruptly, looking from Arthur to Henry. "What was the truth about Gillespie?" she asked.

And Arthur would have spoken. I saw the word that would have saved his brother formed upon his lips.

Miss Pat alone seemed unmoved; I saw her hand open and shut at her side as she controlled herself, but her face was calm and her voice was steady when she turned appealingly to the canoe-maker.

"What is the truth, Arthur?" she asked, quietly.

"Why go into this now? Why not let bygones be bygones?"-and for a moment I thought I had checked the swift current. It was Helen I wished to save now, from herself, from the avalanche she seemed doomed to bring down upon her head.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Balkan Situation. "Nations are a good deal like men. "How so?"

'Always willing to rush at each other if there's a fair chance being held apart"

of Your Land

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HIS WISH.



Mrs. Henpeck-Ah Henry, when I'm gone you'll never get another wife like

Mr. Henpeck (sotto voce)-I hope

Statistics Go Lame.

"'Pears t' me thar's somethin' wrong with stertisticks," remarked the cidest inhabitant as he dropped into his usual place on the loafers' bench. "What's wrong with 'em?" queried the village grocer.

"Wall, ercordin' tew 'em," continued the o. i., "we orter hev had a death in teown ev'ry six weeks fer th' past tew years."

"Is that so?" said the grocer. "Yaas," answered the other, "an' by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"

He Rose to It.

"Do you know," said a little boy of five to a companion the other day, "my I don't know my father knows, and what my father don't know I know."

"All right! Let's see, then," replied the older child, skeptically. "Where's

It was a stiff one, but the youngster never faltered.

"Well, that," he answered coolly, "Is one of the things my father knows."-Harper's Bazaar.

Artistic Temperament. "Hamlet seemed to speak with au-

thority in his advice to the players." "Yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes, "although he was rather quiet and patient. But in his other scenes he was as pervous and trascible as a regular stage manager."

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Mr. Parvenue-Going to church morning? Mrs. Parvenue-No, I've got a head-

Mr. Parvenue-Then call the butler and send him. The family should be

Looked Like a Pattern.

represented.

"My dear," asks the thoughtful husband, "did you notice a large sheet of paper with a lot of diagrams on it about my desk?"

"You mean that big piece with dots and curves and diagonals and things all over it?"

"Yes. It was my map of the path of Halley's comet. I wanted to—" "My goodness! I thought it was that pattern I asked you to get, and the dressmaker is cutting out my new shirtwaist by it!"-Chicago Evening

Statistics Go Lame.

"'Pears t' me thar's somethin' wrong with stertisticks," remarked the oldest inhabitant as he dropped into his usual place on the loafers' bench. "What's wrong with 'em?" queried

the village grocer. "Wall, ercordin' tew 'em," continued the o. i., "we orter hev had a death in teown ev'ry six weeks fer th' past tew years.'

"Is that so?" said the grocer. "Yans," answered the other, "an' by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"

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Many a man enjoys a pipe because his wife hates it.



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